

MOXON'S MINIATURE POETS

A
SLECTION FROM
THE **W**ORKS
OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE, BY
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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

IF "popularity" in a poet may be defined as the success and appreciation arising from the faculty of enlisting the sympathies and obtaining the hearty approval of a great number of readers, among all sorts and conditions of men, and denizens of the most various nations and climes, Longfellow is certainly the most popular of the poets of America. One of his biographers has justly observed: "He must have been, among English-speaking people, the most widely read poet, by far, living within the last third of a century. Indeed, save Tennyson, he can have had no even distant rival; and no doubt the number of Longfellow's readers in America, England, and the English Colonies must have greatly exceeded Tennyson's, and his proportional superiority, in point of translations, and of the foreign readers thereby occurring, will have been even larger." Thus writes Mr. William Rossetti, who, in his estimate of Longfellow's genius, has certainly not erred on the side of extravagant laudation.

Not that what is generally called popularity is to be accepted as a criterion of an author's merit, poetical and otherwise. Poems have had a success in the way of sale that Dominic Sampson would have declared "prodigious"—witness the twenty-eight editions of a once much-lauded poem by a late reverend author, and the almost equal success of another work, now only remembered through Lord Macaulay's tremendous article of castigation in the *Edinburgh Review*; but in Longfellow's case, the unerring judgment of time may be considered as having in a great measure corroborated the verdict of the earlier generation of delighted readers. Some of his chief poems, such as "Evangeline," have stood the test of forty years, and their popularity has not waned. Such enduring success must be based upon foundations of real and exceptional poetic merit.

The qualities of imagination and fancy are pre-eminently noticeable in Longfellow's works, combined with an unfailing taste and appreciation of the refined aspect of each subject, that prevents his imaginative faculty from running riot, and gives a completeness and proportion to all he writes. He never oversteps the modesty of nature, or makes the judicious grieve by distressing flights of fancy, in what Dr. Johnson would have called "wild exuberance." The author is

too cultivated a poet to cater for popular applause by spasmodic exaggeration.

Of pathos and feeling Longfellow possesses a large share—an infinite capacity for sympathizing with sorrow and suffering, and a rare intuitive perception of the secret griefs of the heart. But his mournfulness never degenerates into morbid melancholy. To him life is a battle-field, a struggle in which each human being is bound to bear a part. “Be a hero in the strife!” is his motto. To act in the living present, with no mournful looking back on a past that will not return, or overstrained anticipation of a future whose promise may be unfulfilled, is the lesson he continually enforces. He has the capacity to understand the trials and temptations that so often beset the path of life, the thorns by the wayside that spring up and choke the good seed; but he has also a belief in the capacity of man for good, and in the infinite mercy of Heaven. He believes

That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

The exceptionally complete philological lore of Longfellow, his acquaintance with the poetry of various

countries, gained during successive periods of travel and sojourn in different lands, lends a distinct charm to his works. Thus he became thoroughly imbued with the sterling worth of the old fifteenth and sixteenth century ballads and songs of Germany, by Melchior Pfinszing, Simon Dach and Hans Sachs, and the French rondels, Swedish and Danish war-songs, &c. He was one of the pioneers of foreign literature ; one of the earliest to point out (as Addison did in the *Spectator* with respect to the old English ballads) how much genuine poetry was contained in the quaint effusions of the old Minnesanger and Trouveres.

The impression made by Longfellow's works was gracefully and heartily expressed, years ago, by Miss Mary R. Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life." "I do not know," she says, "a more enviable reputation than Professor Longfellow has won for himself in this country—won, too, with a rapidity seldom experienced by our native poets. The terseness of diction and force of thought delight the old, the grace and melody enchant the young ; the unaffected and all-pervading piety satisfies the serious, and a certain slight touch of mysticism carries the imaginative reader fairly off his feet. For my own part, I confess not only to the being captivated by all these qualities (mysticism excepted), but to the further

fact of yielding to the charm of certain lines—I cannot very well tell why—and walking about the house repeating such fragments as this :

I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars,

as if I were still eighteen. I am not sure that this is not as great a proof of the power of the poet as can be given.” And since those lines were written, the power of the poet has been vindicated by new and more valuable proofs.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a scion of an English family long settled in Massachusetts. In 1676 William Longfellow, a native of Hampshire and the direct ancestor of the poet, emigrated to Massachusetts, where he established himself at Newbury. He died in 1690. From him was descended the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, lawyer and member of Congress, who married a lady descended from Stephen Alden, one of the pilgrim fathers, and the first who landed on the shore of Massachusetts from the *Mayflower* in 1621. The poet was born in Portland, in the state of Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where he greatly distinguished himself. After taking his degree, he occupied himself for a time in law work in

his father's office. But his predilections were far more towards literature than law; and, on receiving the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, he gave up the idea of a legal career, and betook himself to Europe, to prepare for the more congenial career of a professor of literature by travels in Europe and investigations into the literary productions of various nations. Before this time he had already begun, like the majority of young aspirants for literary fame, by contributing to magazines. Thus various poems from his pen appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*; these contributions were afterwards reprinted in "Voices of the Night," a book of verses published in 1839. The *North American Review* also printed various critical articles contributed by him.

His travels in Europe occupied more than three years, and in their course he visited Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Holland, and England, profiting to the fullest extent by the opportunities thus afforded him for studying especially the poetical productions of those countries at various periods. It is impossible to overlook the influence of the literature of Northern Europe, and still more of Germany, on his productions. For instance, in the "Building of the Ship" and the "Hanging of the Crane" we have a reminis-

cence, not to be mistaken, of Schiller's "Song of the Bell,"—while the idyllic style of Voss and the influences of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" are apparent in "Evangeline." In 1829 Professor Longfellow returned to America, to enter upon the duties of his office at Bowdoin, and in 1831 married his first wife.

The recollections of his tour in England were turned to excellent account in his prose romance "Hyperion," in which especially the old legends of the Rhineland, such as "The Christ of Andernach" and the life of the German students, were graphically sketched. His first volumes had already appeared, before "Hyperion," in the shape of an essay on Spanish Poetry, and a translation of the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, a sixteenth century poet of Spain. In 1835 Professor Ticknor, famous by his excellent "History of Spanish Literature," resigned the chair of Belles Lettres in Harvard University, and Longfellow was appointed to the vacant post. The acceptance of this honourable office was the occasion of a second tour in Europe. This time the ardent student of philology betook himself to Sweden and Denmark, the home of the old Scandinavian learning. Thence he proceeded to Holland and Germany, and in 1836 he passed the spring and summer in Tyrol

and Switzerland. His stay at Rotterdam was saddened by a great calamity, in the death of his young wife. There is an allusion to this sad event in the "Hyperion," where Flemming, the hero, is represented as visiting the beautiful Rhineland and Switzerland with the shadow of a great sorrow dark upon him. In 1836 the poet returned, a widower, to take up his office at Harvard. He continued for a period of eighteen years to occupy the professorial chair with honour, until his retirement in 1854 to literary leisure and to well-earned rest.

Already in 1837 he took up his residence in a building hallowed by historical and literary memories, and here he continued to dwell for the remainder of his life. This mansion was the "Craegie House," Cambridge, and had been occupied by Washington after Bunker's Hill, and subsequently by Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, and other distinguished Bostonian scholars. In 1843 he married for the second time; but was left for the second time a widower, in 1861, by a terrible calamity. His wife's dress took fire from the dropping of some hot sealing-wax, and she was burnt to death. In 1870 Longfellow again visited England, and was welcomed with enthusiasm, especially at Oxford, where he received an honorary doctoral degree, amid the acclamations

of the undergraduates. His private virtues contributed equally with his poetic genius to call forth the high estimation in which he was held. Never was there a more honourable, straightforward, and kindly man ; never did poet, inculcating in his verses the striving after higher things, more consistently carry out his teachings in his life. In his case was realized poor Goldsmith's idea of the enviable man of letters, who, in congenial shades, crowns "a youth of labour with an age of ease"—Who

"Sinks to his grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way."

The poet died quietly, after some months of languor and debility, in 1882. He had completed his seventy-fifth year.

Longfellow's earlier poems, which may with reason be called juvenile poems. as they were written before the author's nineteenth year, were originally contributed to a magazine for which he also wrote valuable essays in prose, especially one on Sir Philip Sidney's defence of poetry. The "Coplas de Jorge Don Manrique," a careful translation which gives evidence of Longfellow's peculiar talent of rendering not only the words but the spirit of foreign poets, elicited an ex-

pression of approbation from Prescott in his "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella." On the appearance of his first prose romance "Outremer," a critic in the *Athenæum* aptly wrote of the new author's literary style: "We cannot say that he imitates the author of the 'Sketch-book' (Washington Irving); he has a spirit of his own. He is sprightly, and witty, and graphic; he has seen much of the world, and has used his opportunities well. There is an elegant ease in his style, finished but not finical. . . And withal, he has the genial *bonhomie* of Irving. He sees the pleasant side of things. He likes that his reader should be innocently pleased, and is content if he be so."

A great advance was visible in "Hyperion," published in 1839. The work broke new literary ground, suggested new ideas. Many of the remarks in it upon the great German authors came like a revelation to the readers of the book, and an acute English critic declared that in "Hyperion" Longfellow was Jean Paul Richter, without his grotesque extravagances, or riotous humour, or turbulent force. It certainly gave a fresh zest to the charms of the Rhineland and of the scenery of Germany.

At various times, and in various collections, appeared the shorter poems that have made Longfellow's name

a household word, as much in Great Britain and the Colonies as in America. In some of these the influence of the author's studies of German literature, then far less understood than now, is plainly apparent; for instance, in the analogy between the "Reaper and the flowers" and the old German song "Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod. . . . Hute dich schön's Blumelein"; and, again, the lines on the American Union in "The Building of the Ship," irresistibly recall the splendid rhapsody which forms the conclusion of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." The fine perception of the analogy between outward natural objects and human life, with its trials, and struggles, and temptations, its failures, its triumphs, and its hopes, is perhaps the chief factor in the popularity obtained by these shorter poems. In the "Village Blacksmith," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Bridge," homely lessons of life are invested with poetic grace. The rich imagination that can people the deserted market-place or the lonely cloister with shadows of the past, appears in the description of Nuremberg, in whose streets and churches the poet conjures up the figures of "Albrecht Durer, the evangelist of art," and of Hans Sachs, shoemaker and master singer; where he plucks

“like a flow’ret from the soil,
The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil.”

A similar poem is the Belfry of Bruges, in whose market-place the poet's eye sees the pageant of the mediæval days when Bruges, and Ghent, and Liège, were names of note in history, the residence of great Dukes of Burgundy and German Kaisers. Of a very different kind is the grim humour in "King Witlaf's Drinking-horn," and the peaceful sentiment of "The Children's Hour." Concerning the "Excelsior," opinions have been much divided. At first it was hailed as a gem of poetry; but soon critics were beginning to find fault, and to declare that the whole had an *ad captandum* character, a striving after effect, which spoilt it. The poems on Slavery bear evidence of the depth and sincerity of the feeling that called them forth, but are not distinguished by any extraordinary poetic merit.

Longfellow's single dramatic effort, "The Spanish Student," is a piece of charming pedantry, displaying the author's intimate acquaintance with Spanish national poetry, manners, and customs. It is in no way adapted to the stage, and may rather be called a poem in dialogue than a play. Of stage effect and the management of a plot there are few indications.

"Evangeline : a Tale of Acadie," published in 1847, was a more important work than the author had as yet

produced. The charm of the story, the appropriateness of the dreamy, somewhat melancholy hexameter to the subject, the graphic portraiture of Acadian character, scenery, and manners, were thoroughly new elements, and were duly appreciated. The poem became exceedingly popular, both in America and England. The faculty of Longfellow, of turning to account the points of foreign works, while avoiding anything that smacked of servile imitation or plagiarism, is seen in some features of this charming poem. The metre chosen by Goethe in his "Hermann und Dorothea," is adopted, and the descriptions of characters and scenes are here and there pleasantly suggestive of Voss's "Idyllen." The criticism pronouncing the poem the most perfect specimen extant of the rhythm and melody of the English hexameter, was generally endorsed by its readers. The character, the narrative, the scenery, and the lesson of the work, are alike full of charm.

"Essentially Richterish, yet with a difference," was the verdict pronounced on "Kavanagh; a Tale," published in 1847. The work is principally remarkable for some lifelike sketches of New England character. On the whole, it may be considered hardly worthy of the reputation of the author of "Hyperion." Soon afterwards, in 1851, appeared the "Golden Legend."

It startled many by the apparent profanity in the mediæval method of treating sacred themes and characters, while the "passion play" was not generally understood. Ruskin, however, in his "Modern Painters," declares that "Longfellow, in the Golden Legend, has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis."

In the "Song of Hiawatha," which the author designates as "an Indian Edda," he gives a series of pictures of the life of the North American Indians, introducing some of their legends, superstitions, and myths. By many readers and critics it was considered the most original of the author's productions, for the poem, redolent of the forest and the prairie, was a well-considered and finely executed effort to preserve in the pages of song, the recollection of a race fast fading from the earth. The employment of a peculiar metre, the line of four trochees, struck various readers in different ways. One able critic, who shows a thorough appreciation of Longfellow's poem in its sentiment and intention, is emphatic in praise of it. "The melody of the verse," he says, "rapid and monotonous, is like the voice of nature, which never fatigues us, though continually repeating the same sound."

Two or three notes compose the whole music of the poem, melodious and limited as the song of a bird. . . . The poet knows how to give, as a modern, voices to all the inanimate objects of nature: he knows the language of the birds, he understands the murmur of the wind amongst the leaves, he interprets the voices of the running streams." It was recognized by others, that the measure, beautiful and simple as it was, would become wearisome in the hands of any but a consummate artist; while Longfellow had "contrived to give variety even to a measure evidently chosen for its sad and tender monotone." On the other hand, there were some who found the five thousand verses of the epic metre tiresome to the ear.

A more important question, however, arose in the assertion made by a writer in an American journal, that the whole "form, spirit, and many of the most striking incidents" of "Hiawatha" were borrowed from "Kalevala," the great Finnish national epic. In a note to "Hiawatha," the author had explicitly avowed that he had woven into the old national tradition of the Indians various curious legends drawn from the writings of Dr. Schoolcraft, a diligent investigator of Indian lore, who afterwards dedicated to Longfellow a new volume of Indian myths and legends, in acknowledgment of the poet's services in popularizing

and preserving the Indian legends and myths. The metre in the two poems is certainly identical, but except that each poem has to do with the traditions of an uncivilized race, the two are completely distinct. Ferdinand Freiligrath, himself a poet, and well acquainted with the "Kalevala," says of Longfellow's poem: "It is written in a modified Finnish metre—modified by the exquisite feeling of the American poet, according to the genius of the English language, and the wants of modern taste." No one thinks Byron a plagiarist, or the other poets who chose that Spenserian stanza which the great Elizabethian poet himself had adapted from the Italian *ottava rima*. "Hiawatha" was quickly translated into various European languages, and has, moreover, been set to music in the cantata form.

In the "Courtship of Miles Standish," published in 1858, the author reverts to the hexameter line he had handled so well in "Evangeline." Here again, we are charmed with the poet's skill in depicting character and scenery. We are carried back to the days of the *Mayflower* and of the Puritan settlements of New England, with John Alden, the gentle-spirited writer, and Miles Standish, the sturdy captain, with his admiration for Julius Cæsar, as a man who combined in himself various faculties, so that the warrior looks up

from the "Commentaries" to exclaim, with hearty approbation, to his friend John Alden :

"You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"

Miles thoroughly appreciates the character of the leader who would rather be the first in the little Iberian village than the second in Rome, who was twice married before he was twenty years old, and who, when his army wavered, could seize a shield from a soldier and lead the charge himself. The poem forms the *allegro* to the *penseroso* of "Evangeline," cheerful in character, with the choleric but placable captain and the arch, demure Priscilla. It is Puritan New England life under its fairest aspect.

Of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the narrative that has become most popular, and has even furnished the subject of a finely written drama, is "King Robert of Sicily." The machinery of the poem, the meeting of travellers who are moved to beguile the time with narrative, is sufficiently time-honoured, and the idea of describing each of the company separately carries us back to old Chaucer ; while in the flow of the narratives themselves we are reminded here and there of the free grace of Boccaccio.

The Translations of Longfellow deservedly rank high

among his works. Especially is this the case with his rendering of lyrics from the German. He has also done a good literary work by turning the attention of students towards the poems of various less-known foreign authors, such as Bishop Tegner, the author of the *Frithiofs-saga*, &c. His blank verse translation of various portions of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, is wonderfully close to the original, and its faithful word-for-word rendering makes it especially valuable to the Italian student. It is, moreover, annotated in a scholarly and attractive manner. It is to be regretted that we have not a complete version of Dante's immortal poem from the same source.

The latest works of the poet comprise the "New England Tragedies," published in 1868; the "Divine Tragedy" and "Three Books of Song," in 1872; "Aftermath," in 1873 (chiefly continuation of "Tales of a Wayside Inn"); "The Hanging of the Crane," "The Masque of Pandora and other Poems," in 1875; "Keramos," in 1878; "Ultima Thule," in 1880. "Hermes Trismegistus," and a "Sonnet on the Death of President Garfield," are the last poems Longfellow published. A posthumous collection appeared under the title "In the Harbour."

The name "Hanging of the Crane" refers to the setting up of a home where the household pot is to boil for the family. The poem is in seven parts, and

describes fifty years of married life, to the golden wedding, with the joys and sorrows they bring; here we recognize the German element in the form, and are reminded of certain passages in "Schiller's Song of the Bell." In the "Divine Tragedy" the poet has made an attempt to tell the chief incidents in the life of the Saviour in "Three Passovers," much of the biblical language of the Gospels being retained, interspersed with amplifications by the author of the poem. In general, exception has been taken, and not without reason, to this method of proceeding.

Among the various works of Longfellow, some of the short lyrics, and the two longer poems "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," form the base on which the poet's permanent fame seems to rest. Speaking of these works, Mr. William Rossetti, a critic by no means inclined to give our poet more than that meed of praise which is strictly his due, observes: "'Evangeline,' whatever may be its shortcomings and blemishes, takes so powerful a hold of the feelings, that the fate which would at last merge it in oblivion could only be a very hard and even a perverse one. Who that has read it has ever forgotten it? or in whose memory does it rest as other than a long-drawn sweetness and sadness that has become a portion, and a purifying portion, of the experiences of the heart? 'Hiawatha'

has a different claim. It is a work *sui generis* and alone; moreover, manly, interesting, and a choice and difficult piece of execution, without strain or parade. . . . It is amply fine enough to endure. I can hardly imagine it superseded, nor, until superseded, overlooked."

No man understood better than Longfellow how to fulfil the mission of the poet—to preach the universal brotherhood of man, to sympathize with and encourage the aspiration for higher things, to declare in the widest sense of the word that nothing human is alien from him: he is ever ready with the word of comfort, and the kindly exhortation to labour and to wait, and thus it may be predicted that his name and his work will remain honoured and valued

As long as the river flows ;
As long as the past has passions ;
As long as life has woes.

H. W. DULCKEN.

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FROM "EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE."

[The following historical occurrence forms the foundation of the poem. When Acadia, the present Nova Scotia, was ceded by France to Great Britain in 1713, the French colonist population were compelled to take an oath of allegiance to Great Britain. In the next war between England and France, in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having given assistance to the French at the siege of Beau Sëjour. As a punishment, they were deprived of their houses and lands, and cattle, and removed from the province suddenly, in vessels provided by the British Government. Friends and relatives lost each other in this sudden calamity; and the poem tells how Evangeline, the heroine, was separated in the confusion from her betrothed, and at length, after a weary life of resignation and toil, only met him again to close his eyes as he lay dying in a public hospital, in which she ministered as a Sister of Mercy.]

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
bouring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts
that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman ?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-
dian farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image
of heaven ?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for
ever departed !

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village
of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,
and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenc'd o'er the plain, and away
to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and of chestnut,

Such as the peasant of Normandy built in the reign of
the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and
gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors

•

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and
screnely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice
of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

THE FARMER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin
of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing
his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of
the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes ;
White as snow were his locks, and his checks as brown
as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the
maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and
the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as
an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

THE NOTARY'S STORY.

[Paul the blacksmith suspects that the arrival of the English war-ships in the offing bodes little good to the colonists. The notary counsels faith and patience.]

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he said, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ? "

"God's name !" shouted the hasty and, somewhat irascible blacksmith ;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the why,
and the wherefore?”

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest!”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary
public,—

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to
repeat it

When his neighbours complained that any injustice
was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes
of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of
the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
shine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
man's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,
Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the
thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
inwoven."

THE SENTENCE ON THE ACADIANS.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a
summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-
out, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangour
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly 'sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters
his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
inclosures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.

SEPARATION OF THE LOVERS.

[The men are marched as prisoners to the shore where the women and
children are waiting.]

Half-way ' down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession ap-
proached her.
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered,—
“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one
another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances
may happen ! ”

Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused,
for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was
his aspect !

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from
his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in
his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and
embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-
fort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspercau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,
too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with

EVANGELINE'S PATIENCE.

[For years Evangeline has sought in vain to meet with Gabriel, her betrothed, until she is almost in despair, and her heart is sick with hope deferred.]

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of
the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and
endeavour ;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps
in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her
forward.

* * * * *

Then would they say, "Dear child ! why dream and
wait for him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has
loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and
be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
"I cannot !

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand,
and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illuminates the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-
confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter ! thy God thus
speaketh within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-
turning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to
the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy
work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is godlike,
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart
is made godlike.
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline
laboured and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, "Despair not!"

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem
of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of
the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was
not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed,
but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and
not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in
the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for
the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

THE DEATH-BED MEETING.

[A pestilence has fallen on the city, and Evangeline, the Sister of Mercy, works in the hospital among the sick and dying.]

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,
for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls
of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
for ever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-
time ;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a
shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of
the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an
old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded
his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier
manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are
dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled
its portals.
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in
the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and
sinking,
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking
under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by
his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents
unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank
into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, " Father,
I thank thee ! "

FROM "THE GOLDEN LEGEND."

The *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin in the thirteenth century by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar. It was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vigney, and into English in the fifteenth by William Caxton. I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century.—*Note by the Author.*

THE SCRIPTORIUM OF THE CONVENT.

(Friar Pacificus transcribing and illuminating.)

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark ! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.

I come again to the name of the Lord !
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen ;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be,
When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse !
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me ! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse,
God forgive me ! if ever I
'Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

. This is well written, though I say it !

I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
King René himself never made a better !
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me ! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain ;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee !

FROM "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA."

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. . . . Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends. . . . The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.—*Note by the Author.*

TO THE READER.

YE who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries :—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !
Ye who love a nation's legends,

Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
•Over stone walls gray with mosses,

Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

HIAWATHA'S COMBAT WITH MUDJEKEEWIS.

[Mudjekeewis, King of the Winds, the father of Hiawatha, has abandoned Wenonah, the hero's mother, who died of grief at her husband's desertion. Hiawatha is reared by his grandmother, Nokomis, the mother of Wenonah, and becomes a stalwart brave. He goes forth to find his father, and reproaches him with his conduct to Wenonah. After a combat between father and son, Hiawatha is sent forth to be the benefactor of his race.]

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labours.
Swift of foot was Hiawatha ; '
He could shoot an arrow from him,

And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasons enchanted,
Magic moccasons of deer-skin ;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
“ I will go to Mudjekeewis,

See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! ”

* * * *

Warning said the old Nokomis,
“ Go not forth, O Hiawatha !
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! ”

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning ;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

* * * *

• Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him,
In the face of Hiawatha, .

Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

“Welcome !” said he, “Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind !
Long have I been waiting for you !
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty ;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah !”

Then they talked of other matters ;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasec,
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth, upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, “O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;
• You confess it ! you confess it !”

And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed his gray hairs to the West-Wind,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture,
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

* * * *

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage
Now receive the prize of valour!"

"Go back to your home and people
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the giants, the Wendigoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you.”

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

[The young warrior goes to seek a bride in the land of the Dacotahs, though Nokomis would have had him take a wife from among his own people. He comes to the wigwam of an old arrow-maker, who sits plying his craft, with his fair daughter Minnehaha, “the laughing water,” beside him.]

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,

But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
“That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,

Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer, very gravely,
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! ”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
“ I will follow you, my husband ! ”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
“ Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you ! ”
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
“ Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband ! ”

HIAWATHA'S VISION.

[In a dream, Hiawatha sees the thunder-ships of the stranger coming to the Western world, and the red man's fall before the white man is revealed to him.]

“ I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys.
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

“ Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn ! ”

HIAWATHA'S FAREWELL.

[Strangers come to the tribe, white men, bringing to the red man the tidings of the Gospel. Hiawatha entertains the new-comers, and solemnly recommends them to the goodwill of his people, and departs from among the people whose benefactor he had been.]

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :
 " I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning !"
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;

Whispered to it, " Westward ! westward ! "
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell for ever ! "
Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "

FROM "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES
STANDISH."

[Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, being little versed in the ways of women, sends his friend John Alden to woo for him the fair maiden Priscilla. John, who loves Priscilla, nevertheless faithfully pleads his friend's cause; but Priscilla archly asks, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Miles Standish, at first angry at the supposed treachery of his friend, at last generously acquiesces in the marriage of John and Priscilla.]

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FRIEND.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the
Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
leather,
Strode with a martial air Miles Standish the Puritan
Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind
him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of
warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the
chamber—
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of
Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical
Arabic sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,
musket, and matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles
and sinews of iron ;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard
was already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes
in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and
household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the
window :

Fair-haired, azure-cyed, with delicate Saxon com-
plexion,

Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,
as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not
Angles but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the
Mayflower.

A SOLDIER'S OPINION OF CÆSAR.

Nothing was heard in the room but 'the hurrying
pen of the stripling,

Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the
• Captain,

Reading the marvellous words and achievements of
Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his
hand palm downwards,

Heavily on the page, "A wonderful man was this
Cæsar !

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a
fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both was
equally skilful !"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the
comely, the youthful :

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen
and his weapons.

Somewhere I have read, but where I forget, he could
dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or
hearing the other,

'Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
I than be second in Rome—and I think he was right
when he said it ;

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and
many times after !

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities
he conquered ;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has
recorded ;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator
Brutus !

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion
in Flanders

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front
giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so
closely together

There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized
a shield from a soldier,

Put himself at the head of his troops, and commanded
the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the
ensigns ;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for
their weapons ;

So he won the day, the battle of Something-or-other.

That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be
well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others ! ”

MILES STANDISH'S MESSAGE.

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :

“When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not, however, in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !”

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :

“Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.”

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :

“’Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it :

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it and
say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and
dreary ;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of
friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden
Priscilla.
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and
brother
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and
coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of
the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself,
that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in
heaven,
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose
name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have
dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but
of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of
a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
maiden."

PRISCILLA'S REPLY.

So he entered the house ; and the hum of the wheel
and the singing
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step
on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal
of welcome,
Saying, " I knew it was you, when I heard your step
in the passage ;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla

Laughed at the snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,

Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.

Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;

Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !

So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the *Mayflower*
that sailed on the morrow.
“I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puritan
maiden,
“Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like
a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark
and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neigh-
bours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with
the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in
the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my
religion ;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in old
England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
Wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely
and wretched.”

Thereupon answered the youth ; “ Indeed I do not
condemn you ;
Stouter hearts than a woman’s have quailed in this
terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
lean on ;
So I have come to you now with an offer and proffer
of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the
Captain of Plymouth ! ”
Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer
of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like
a schoolboy ;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it
more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puri-
tan maiden
Looked into Alden’s face, her eyes dilated with
wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and
rendered her speechless ;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
silence :

“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

• Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning ! ”

Then John Alden began explaining and soothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—

Had no time for such things ;—such things ! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as flash she made answer :

“ Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?

That is the way with you men ; you don’t understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps,
that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love she never
suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you
have been climbing.
That is not right nor just; for surely a woman's
affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the
asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but
shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that
he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last
might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can
happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of
Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading,
expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles
in Flanders.

He was a man of honour, of noble and generous
nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how
during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
woman's ;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
always.
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was
little of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in Eng-
land,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of
Miles Standish !
But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his
rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for
yourself, John ? "

THE RECONCILIATION.

[Miles Standish, hurt and angry, has gone to fight the Indians, and is reported dead, slain by an Indian arrow. John Alden and Priscilla are just married.]

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on
the threshold,

Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful
figure !

Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the
strange apparition ?

Why does the bride turn pale and hide her face on
his shoulder ?

Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless, spectral illusion ?

Is it a ghost from a grave, that has come to forbid the
betrothal ?

* * * * *

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with
amazement

Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain
of Plymouth !

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
" Forgive me !

I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished
the feeling ;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it
is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins
of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for
error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend
of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be
forgotten between us—

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow
older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted
Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry
in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of
country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding
her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remem-
bered the adage—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself:
and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of
Christmas!"

FROM "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN."

[A goodly company are assembled on an Autumn evening round the fire in the common room of the inn in Sudbury, like Chaucer's pilgrims at the famous "Tabard" in Southwark. Like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, too, these are separately described by the poet, and each of them, including the host, gives a story. A Sicilian traveller tells a tale of a king transformed for his pride into the likeness of a serf, while an angel takes his place on the throne, till the proud king has learnt humility.]

THE TRANSFORMATION.

THERE on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? "

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own

From an impostor, who usurps my throne !”
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
“ Nay, not the King, but the King’s Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !”

Deaf to King Robert’s threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chambers roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of : “ Long live the King !”

Next morning, waking with the day’s first beam,
He said within himself, “ It was a dream !”
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream : the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

THE RESTORATION.

[The transformed king is compelled to ride, in the garb of a jester, in the train of the angel, who goes, as King of Sicily, to visit, with Valmond of Germany, Pope Urban, at Rome.]

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his
head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : "Thou knowest best !"

My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! ”
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street :
“ He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree ! ”
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
“ I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! ”

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all appalled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said : "What is the use or need

·To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays.”
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
“Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !”
But ere he reached the belfry’s light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,

No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio !" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast,
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fault, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at nought the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way,
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds !

These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well, and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door ;
Therefore the law decrees that, as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stable, and food and field beside ! ”
The knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : “ Right well it pleaseth me !
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not into mass ; my bell doth more :
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The bell of Atri famous for all time.”

FROM THE EARLIER POEMS.

Written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen.—*Author's Note.*

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,

And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowl'd head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are free !
Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner ! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,

Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldst be spared !

“Take thy banner !—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drums should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
'Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !

FROM “VOICES OF THE NIGHT.”

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόων βροτῶν,
ἐρβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
Ἀγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ ῥόμον·
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

Euripides.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before :
Thou layst thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “Life is but an empty dream !”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;—
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again . ”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay , ”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear . ”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above,

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,—
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
'To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young, and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,—
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly
Who the cross of suffering bore,—
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,—
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine —
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,—
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer ;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,

If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

FROM "POEMS ON SLAVERY."
(1842.)

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew ;
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream ;
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;

The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren—the farm is old "—
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursèd gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave her life
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land.

FROM "SONGS."

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,—
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke :
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

[WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID, OF BIRD-MEADOW, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.]

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,—
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;

Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,—
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions,
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !" — JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat ;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—Forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,

Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,

And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 “ Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 “ Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 “ Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! ”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
 “ Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! ”

FROM “THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.”

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

DAY by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,—
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view !
And around the bows, and along the side,
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron that glowed,

And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard, now and then,
The song of the Master and his men :—
“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

THE DEDICATION OF THE SHIP.

Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave or gust ;

And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives !
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the waves and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

•
Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”
He said, “ by water as by land ! ”

In the first watch of the night,—
Without a signal’s sound,—
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;

And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,—
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silent sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there,

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass ;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,—
They drank to Christ the Lord,—
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached His holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,—
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells from the convent,
From their prison in the tower,

Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,—
And the Abbot bowed his head,—
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still, in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,—
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!'

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon the clay
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves

As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

FROM "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him ring his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,—
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,—
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all ;
Into each life some rain must fall,—
Some days must be dark and dreary.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a breath
Say, “ It is Christ of Nazareth ; ”
And calls in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !
But still above the noisy crowd,
The beggar’s cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, “ He calleth thee ! ”
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, “ What wilt thou at my hands ? ”
And he replies, “ O give me light !

Rabbi restore the blind man's sight !”

And Jesus answers “Υπαγε.

‘Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices ‘Three,

‘Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὑπάγε !

‘Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, ’mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monk of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old
and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuild'd, still it watches
o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds
of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapours gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast
the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys,
here and there,
Wreaths of snow-like smoke, ascending, vanished,
ghost-like, into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning
hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient
tower.
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows
wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more
distant than the sky.
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melan-
choly chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the
nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chant-
ing of a friar.
Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled
my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the
earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras
de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.
I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those
days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore
the Fleece of Gold ;
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp
and ease.
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the
ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and
hound ;
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept
with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the un-
sheathed sword between.
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers
bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the
Spurs of Gold ;
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods
moving west,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.
And again the whiskered Spaniards all the land with
terror smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat ;
Till the bell of Ghent responded, o'er lagoon and dyke
of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the
land ! "
Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened
city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned, back into
their graves once more.
Hours had passed away like minutes ; and before I
was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illu-
mined square.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad
meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg, the
ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town
of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks
that round them throng.
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors,
rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, cen-
turies old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their
uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand
through every clime.
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an
iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cuni-
gunde's hand :
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic
days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's
praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world
of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in
the common mart ;
And, above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops
carved in stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our
own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his
holy dust,

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to
age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of
sculpture rare,

Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the
painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple,
reverent heart,

Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of
Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy
hand,

Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better
Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where
he lies ;

Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never
dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems
more fair,

That he once has trod its pavements, that he once
has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these
obscure and narrow lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude
poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the
friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts
the swallows build.
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the
mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the
anvil's chime ;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the
flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the
loom.
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the
gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios
sang and laughed.
But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely
sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the
door ;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Pusch-
man's song,

As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great
beard white and long."

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his
cark and care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's
antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my
dreamy eye

Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded
tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the
world's regard ;

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy
cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far
away,

As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in
thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret
of the soil,

The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

[“In those moments of life when reflection becomes calmer and more profound, when interest and avarice speak less loudly than reason, in the moments of domestic sorrow, of sickness, and of mortal peril, the nobles repented of holding serfs, as of a thing little pleasing to God, who had created all men in His own image.”—*Thierry's Norman Conquest*.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman Baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

•
By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee.

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
'Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free !"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,

And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise,

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again,

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered,
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust ;

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,—
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes ;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,

And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red,
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn ;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide ;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,—
And there on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,—
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current, that came from the ocean,
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,
I had wished, that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever, and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon, and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

The great Duke of Wellington held the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports, and died at his official residence, Walmer Castle, Kent, after a few days' illness, on the 14th of September, 1852.]

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,—
The day was just begun ;
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on glowing flag and rippling pennon,—
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

•
Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea-coast opposite,

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Hiim shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure
Awaken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post.

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer.
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room ;
And, as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead !

THE TWO ANGELS.

[Inspired by the birth of a child to the writer, and the death of Mrs. Maria Lowell, the wife of another American poet, on the same day, at Cambridge, U.S.]

Two Angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces ; and beneath,
The sombre houses capped with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same ;
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
And one was crowned with amaranth, as with flange,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way :—
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
“ Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest ! ”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock ;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake’s shock.

I recognized the nameless agony—
The terror, and the tremour, and the pain—
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God’s voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe’er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light—

• “My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

’Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended ; and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word, that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud ;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o’er
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE. 4

[St Augustine has said in his third sermon, *De Ascensione*: "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus." "Of our vices we make to ourselves a ladder, if we tread on the vices themselves."]

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

•

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires !
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
Like a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me, at most,
As a phantom or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,—
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchman, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his grey mustachio,
“Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor’s tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho !”

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

“Let no hand the bird molest,”
Said he solemnly, “nor hurt her !”
Adding then, by way of jest,
“Golondrina is my guest,
’Tis the wife of some deserter !”

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumour,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor’s pleasant humour.

So, unharmed and unafraid,
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their
graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

“ Blessed be God ! for He created Death ; ”
The mourners said, “ and Death is rest and peace ; ”
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
“ And giveth Life that never more shall cease.”

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,—
No Psalms of David now the silence break,—
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected ; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here ? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind ?

'They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish, and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
'The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

“ Anathema maranatha ! ” was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian
feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world, where'er they
went ;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever, with reverted look,
The mystic volume of the world they read,—
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a legend of the Dead.

.

But ah ! what once has been shall be no more.
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air—
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,

With eyes unimpassioned and slow,—
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,—
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,—
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,—
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, " O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, " Sail'on,
Ye mariners !—the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, " Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, " Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, " O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet; in quiet lie."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear, in the chamber above me,
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
 Yet I know, by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death ;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head ;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes ;
They talk together, and say,
“To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise !”

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, “At length !”

Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts, and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
“ Enceladus, arise ! ”

THE CUMBERLAND.

[The *Cumberland*, a wooden ship of war of the old unarmoured type, was rammed and sunk by a Confederate ironclad during the Civil War in the United States. Her loss showed that unarmoured ships were henceforth useless in naval warfare.]

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the *Cumberland*, sloop-of-war ;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course,
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

“ Strike your flag ! ” the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
“ Never ! ” our gallant Morris replies ;
“ It is better to sink than to yield ! ”
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the *Cumberland* all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas !
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid.
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear ;
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape, in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field.

FROM "FLOWER DE LUCE."

BEAUTIFUL LILY.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,—
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,—
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,—
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,—
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,—

And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet ;—
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursèd mouth,
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;

“ For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
“ God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men ! ”

TO-MORROW.

’Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks ;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me : “ Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest.”
And I make answer : “ I am satisfied ;
I dare not ask ; I know not what is best ;
God hath already said what shall betide.”

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
 By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
 Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
 On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
 Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
 Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
 Around the shining forehead of the saint,
 And are in their completeness incomplete ;
 In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
 The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—
 A vision, a delight, and a desire,
 The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
 That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
 But wanting still the glory of the spire.

THREE CANTOS OF DANTE'S PARADISO.

CANTO XXIII.

[Dante is with Beatrice in the eighth circle, that of the fixed stars. She is gazing upwards, watching for the descent of the Triumph of Christ.]

EVEN as a bird 'mid the beloved leaves,
 Quiet upon the nest of her sweet brood
 Throughout the night, that hideth all things from us,
 Who, that she may behold their longed-for looks

And find the nourishment wherewith to feed them,
In which, to her, grave labours grateful are,
Anticipates the time on open spray
And with an ardent longing waits the sun,
Gazing intent, as soon as breaks the dawn :
Even thus my Lady standing was, erect
And vigilant, turned round towards the zone
Underneath which the sun displays least haste ;
So that, beholding her distraught and eager,
Such I became as he is, who desiring
For something yearns, and hoping is appeased.
But brief the space from one When to the other ;
From my awaiting, say I, to the seeing
The welkin grow resplendent more and more.
And Beatrice exclaimed : “ Behold the hosts
Of the triumphant Christ, and all the fruit
Harvested by the rolling of these spheres ! ”
It seemed to me her face was all on flame !
And eyes she had so full of ecstasy
That I must needs pass on without describing.
As when in nights serene of the full moon
Smiles Trivia, among the nymphs eternal
Who paint the heaven through all its hollow cope,
Saw I, above the myriads of lamps,
A sun that one and all of them enkindled,
E’en as our own does the supernal stars.

And through the living light transparent shone
The lucent substance so intensely clear
Into my sight, that I could not sustain it.
O Beatrice, my gentle guide and dear !
She said to me : " That which o'ermasters thee
A virtue is which no one can resist.
There are the wisdom and omnipotence
That oped the thoroughfares 'twixt heaven and
earth,
For which there erst had been so long a yearning."
As fire from out a cloud itself discharges,
Dilating so, it finds not room therein,
And down, against its nature, falls to earth,
So did my mind among those aliments
Becoming larger, issue from itself,
And what became of it cannot remember.
" Open thine eyes and look at what I am :
Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough
Hast thou become to tolerate my smile."
I was as one who still retains the feeling
Of a forgotten dream, and who endeavours
In vain to bring it back into his mind,
When I this invitation heard, deserving
Of so much gratitude, it never fades
Out of the book that chronicles the past.
If at this moment sounded all the tongues

That Polyhymnia and her sisters made
Most lubrical with their delicious milk,
To aid me, to a thousandth of the truth
It would not reach, singing the holy smile,
And how the holy aspect it illumined.
And therefore, representing Paradise,
The sacred poem must perforce leap over,
Even as a man who finds his way cut off.
But whoso thinketh of the ponderous theme,
And of the mortal shoulder that sustains it,
Should blame it not, if under this it trembles.
It is no passage for a little boat
This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,
Nor for a pilot who would spare himself.
“Why does my face so much enamour thee,
That to the garden fair thou turnest not,
Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming?
There is the rose in which the Word Divine
Became incarnate ; there the lilies are
By whose perfume the good way was selected.”
Thus Beatrice ; and I, who to her counsels
Was wholly ready, once again betook me
Unto the battle of the feeble brows.
As in a sunbeam, that unbroken passes
• Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of
flowers

Mine eyes with shadow covered have beheld,
So I beheld the multitudinous splendours
Refulgent from above with burning rays,
Beholding not the source of the effulgence.
O thou benignant power that so imprint'st them !
Thou didst exalt thyself to give more scope
There to the eyes, that were not strong enough.
The name of that fair flower I e'er invoke
Morning and evening, utterly enthralled
My soul to gaze upon the greater fire.
And when in both mine eyes depicted were
The glory and greatness of the living star
Which conquers there, as here below it conquered,
Athwart the heavens descended a bright sheen
Formed in a circle like a coronal,
And cinctured it, and whirled itself about it.
Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth
On earth, and to itself most draws the soul,
Would seem a cloud that, rent asunder, thunders,
Compared unto the sounding of that lyre
Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful
Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.
"I am Angelic Love, that circle round
The joy sublime which breathes from out the bosom
That was the hostelry of our Desire ! •
And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven, while

Thou followest thy Son, and makes diviner
The sphere supreme, because thou enterest it."
Thus did the circulated melody
Seal itself up ; and all the other lights
Were making resonant the name of Mary.

[St. Peter appears to Beatrice and Dante. Beatrice begs him to question Dante concerning his faith, and the grounds on which it rests.]

Thus, having stopped, the beatific fire
Unto my Lady did direct its breath,
Which spake in fashion as I here have said.
And she : " O light eterne of the great man
To whom our Lord delivered up the keys
He carried down of this miraculous joy,
This one[•] examine on points light and grave,
As good beseemeth thee, about the Faith
By means of which thou on the sea didst walk.
If he loves well, and hopes well, and believes,
Is hid not from thee ; for thou hast thy sight
Where everything beholds itself depicted.
But since this kingdom has made citizens
By means of the true Faith, to glorify it
• 'Tis well we have the chance to speak thereof."
As baccalaureate arms himself, and speaks not

Until the master doth propose the question,
To argue it and not to terminate it,
So I did arm myself with every reason,
While she was speaking, that I might be ready
For such a questioner and such profession.
“Speak on, good Christian ; manifest thyself ;
Say, what is Faith ? ” whereat I raised my brow
Unto that light from which this was breathed forth,
Then turned I round to Beatrice, and she
Prompt signals made to me that I should pour
The water forth from my internal fountain.
“ May grace, that suffers me to make confession,”
Began I, “ to the great Centurion
Cause my conceptions to be more explicit ! ”
And I continued : “ As the truthful pen,
Father, of thy dear brother wrote of it,
Who put with thee Rome into the good way,
Faith is the substance of the things we hope for,
And evidence of those that are not seen ;
And this appears to me its quiddity.”
Then heard I : “ Very rightly thou perceivest,
If well thou understandest why he placed it
With substances and then with evidences.”
And I thereafterward : “ The things profound,
That here vouchsafe to me their outward show,
Unto all eyes below are so concealed,

That they exist there only in belief,
Upon the which is founded the high hope,
• And therefore takes the nature of a substance ;
And it behoveth us from this belief
To reason without having other views,
And hence it has the nature of evidence.”
Then heard I : “ If whatever is acquired
Below as doctrine were thus understood,
No sophist’s subtlety would there find place.”
Thus was breathed forth from that enkindled love ;
Then added : “ Thoroughly has been gone over
Already of this coin the alloy and weight ;
But, tell me if thou hast it in thy purse ? ”
And I : “ Yes, both so shining and so round,
That in its stamp there is no peradventure.”
Thereafter issued from the light profound
That there resplendent was : “ This precious jewel,
Upon the which is every virtue founded,
Whence hadst thou it ? ” And I : “ The large out-
pouring
Of the Holy Spirit, which has been diffused
Upon the ancient parchments and the new,
A syllogism is, which demonstrates it
With such acuteness, that, compared therewith,
• All demonstration seems to me obtuse.”
And then I heard : “ The ancient and the new

Postulates, that to thee are so conclusive,
Why dost thou take them for the word divine ? ”
And I : “ The proof, which shows the truth to me,
Are the works subsequent, whereunto Nature
Ne’er heated iron yet, nor anvil beat.”
’Twas answered me : “ Say, who assureth thee
That those works ever were ? the thing itself
We wish to prove, nought else to thee affirms it.”
“ Were the world to Christianity converted,”
I said, “ withouten miracles, this one
Is such, the rest are not its hundredth part ;
For thou didst enter destitute and fasting
Into the field, to plant there the good plant,
Which was a vine, and has become a thorn ! ”
This being finished, the high, holy Court
Resounded through the spheres, “ One God we
praise ! ”
In melody that there above is chanted.
And then that Baron, who from branch to branch,
Examining, had thus conducted me,
’Till the remotest leaves we were approaching,
Did recommence once more : “ The Grace that
lords it
Over thy intellect thy mouth has opened,
Up to this point, as it should opened be,
So that I do approve what forth emerged ;

But now thou must express what thou believest,
And whence to thy belief it was presented.”
“Q holy father, O thou spirit, who seest
What thou believedst, so that thou o’ercamest,
Towards the sepulchre, more youthful feet,”
Began I, “thou dost wish me to declare
Forthwith the manner of my prompt belief,
And likewise thou the cause thereof demandest.
And I respond: In one God I believe,
Sole and eterne, who all the heaven doth move,
Himself unmoved, with love and with desire;
And of such faith not only have I proofs
Physical and metaphysical, but gives them
Likewise the truth that from this place reigns down
Through Moses, through the Prophets, and the Psalms,
Through the Evangel, and through you, who wrote
After the fiery spirit sanctified you;
In Persons three eterne believe I, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine.
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.
With the profound conjunction and divine,
Which now I touch upon, doth stamp my mind
Ofttimes the doctrine evangelical.
This the beginning is, this is the spark
Which afterwards dilates to vivid flame,
And, like a star in heaven, is sparkling in me.”

Even as a lord, who hears what pleases him,
His servant straight embraces, giving thanks
For the good news, as soon as he is silent ;
So, giving me its benediction, singing,
Three times encircled me, when I was silent,
The apostolic light at whose command
I spoken had, in speaking I so pleased him.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me—
Thou mad'st thy crook from the accursèd tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long !
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be ;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd !—Thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

O, wait !—to thee my weary soul is crying—
Wait for me !—Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou’rt waiting still for
me !

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! that seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright !
Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life’s flowery April, fast decays ;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King ! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer’s eye.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

DON JORGE MANRIQUE, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young—having been mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cunavette, in the year 1479. The following extract is from a majestic poem written by him on the death of his father. It is a great favourite in Spain, and four commentaries have been published upon it.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past—
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
 Till life is done ;
And did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
 Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
 Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
 They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket after his death on the field of battle :—

O WORLD ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life that thou dost give

Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold ! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me—may I again behold it !—
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into winds unfolded ;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud : " Quick, quick, and bow the knee !
Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers ! .

" See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

" See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair ! "

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence.

But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !
Beatitude seemed written in his face !
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

“*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt !”

Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

“THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go ;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

“The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play ;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

“I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band ?”—

“I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

“Full and swollen is every sail ;
I see no longer a hill,—
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

“And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?
Thou may’st stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all.”—

“I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

“High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When thy merry companions are still, at last
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

“Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one !

I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

“ Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow ;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither poet nor printer may know.”

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom, that thy lips have pressed !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
'Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought—Unclose
 Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
 Even at the price of thine, give me repose :

Sweet error !—he but slept,—I breathe again ;
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
 O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
 Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,
 Four hale and hearty fellows,
 And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
" Long live the Swabian land !

" The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

" Ha ! " cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine ;
" I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

" The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand ! "

“ Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon ! ”

A bold Bohemian cries ;

“ If there’s a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

“ There the tailor blows the flute,

And the cobbler blows the horn,

And the miner blows the bugle,

Over mountain gorge and bourn.”

And then the landlord’s daughter

Up to heaven raised her hand,

And said, “ Ye may no more contend,

There lies the happiest land ! ”

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

“ WHITHER, thou restless wave,

Whither, with so much haste,

As if a thief wert thou ? ”

“ I am the wave of life,

Stained with my margin's dust ;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream, I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time,"

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see ;
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be ;
Beware ! Beware !
• Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown ;
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks down ;
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue ;

Take care !

And what she says, it is not true ;

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow ;

Take care !

She knows how much it is best to show ;

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair ;

Take care !

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear ;

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

WHITHER ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
• From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the council gave ;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave ;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?
Whither, O brooklet, say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

“ Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea ;
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“ The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime ?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme ? ”

“ The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly ;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“ And sawest thou’ on the turrets
The King and his royal bride ?
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?
• And the golden crown of pride ?

“ Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there ?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair ? ”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride ;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side !”

THE BLACK KNIGHT. •

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

’Twas Pentecost, the feast of gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness,-
Thus began the King and spake ;
“So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,—
From balcony the King looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

“ Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon say ! ”
“ Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear !
I am a Prince of mighty sway ! ”

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high hall glances ;
Waves a mighty shadow in ;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame.

'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took ;
“ Golden wine will make you whole ! ”
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank ;
“ Oh, that draught was very cool ! ”

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter ; and their faces
Colourless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father grey,
He beholds his children die.

“ Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;
Take me, too, the joyless father ! ”
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow cavernous breast,
“ Roses in the spring I gather ! ”

FROM "THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER."

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.

[ESAIAS TEGNER, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By, in Warmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexio. He is the glory and boast of Sweden, and stands first among all her poets, living or dead. His principal work is "Futhiofs Saga."]

(The village church, where the children are to be confirmed)

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church
of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire
of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of
the spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles
aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her
cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind
and the brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace ! with lips
rosy-tinted

Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on
balancing branches

Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the
Highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like
a leaf-woven arbour

Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within, upon each
cross of iron,

Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands
of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a hillock among the
departed,

(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was
embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his' kith and
the hamlet,

Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and
children's children,

So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his
pencil of iron

Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the
time and its changes,

While all round at his feet an eternity slumbered in
quiet.

Also the church within was adorned, for this was the
season

When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved
ones of heaven,

Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their
baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and
cleaned, and the dust was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-
painted benches.

There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the
Leafy Pavilions

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on
the church wall

Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's
pulpit of oak-wood

Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before
Aaron.

Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the
dove, washed with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of
wild flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted
by Hörberg,

Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses
of angels

Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the
shadowy leafwork.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked
from the ceiling,

And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the
sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was
assembled

Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
preaching.

Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from
the organ,

Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible
spirits.

(The Teacher addresses the children.)

“Hail then, hail to you all ! To the hêirdom of
heaven be ye welcome.

Children no more from this day, but by covenant
brothers and sisters !

Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the
kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven
one Father,

Ruling them all as His household,—forgiving in turn
and chastising,

That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has
taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and
upon virtue

Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on
high is descended.

Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of
the doctrine

Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died
on the cross for.

O! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
asylum

Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's
chill valley,

O! how soon will ye come, —too soon! —and long to
turn backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where
Judgment

Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like
a mother,

Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was
forgiven.

Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the
roses of heaven!

Seventy years have I lived already; the Father
eternal

Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours
of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have
instantly known them,
Known them all again ;—They were my childhood's
acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths
of existence,
Prayer, with their eyes raised to heaven, and innocence,
bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world
of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring
billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the
ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in
the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself
knoweth
Nought of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful
and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not
reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys
of the heavens.—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth
incessant

Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of
heaven.

Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the
Spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames
ever upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold
mansions,

Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed
more freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the
wingèd angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and
homesick for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings
are worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its
tongue is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon
us,

Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in
the graveyard—

Then it is good to pray unto God ; for His sorrowing
children

Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and helps
and consoles them.

Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous
with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune

Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with
hands interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of bless-
ings.

Or do you know, ye children, one blessing that comes
not from Heaven?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not
received?

Therefore fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs
adoring

Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him
who

Hung His masonry pendant on nought, when the
world He created.

Earth declareth His might and the firmament uttereth
His glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from
heaven,

Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of
midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at His feet, and He sees them,
but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in His presence? The wrath of the
judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He
speaks in His anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the
roe-buck.
Yet—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful
avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the
earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the
whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds
without number
Lie in His bosom like children; He made them for
this purpose only.
Only to love and be loved again, He breathed forth
His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it warm with a flame out
of heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath
of your being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor
mother

Loved you, as God^d has loved you ; for 'twas that you
may be happy

Gave He His only Son. When He bowed down His
head in the death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was
completed.

Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple,
dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their
sepulchres rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each
other

Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's
enigma—Atonement !

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is
Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful
Father ;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear,
but affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth
is willing.

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and
Love only.

lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou
likewise thy brethren ;
ne is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love
also.

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HEMLOCK-TREE ! O hemlock-tree ! how faithful are
thy branches !

Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime !
hemlock-tree ! O hemlock-tree ! how faithful are
thy branches !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy
bosom !

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity !
maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy
bosom !

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example !

So long as summer laughs she sings,

But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example !

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of
thy falsehood !

It flows so long as falls the rain,

In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of
thy falsehood !

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour

Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,—

Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling

In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He, how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
" Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood ! "

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear ;—
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
Yet greater is my heart,—
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE "SINNGEDICHTE" OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

(Seventeenth Century.)

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,—
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein ;
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve ;
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man
sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and
doctrines three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where Christianity
may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever
round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must them-
selves be ground

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort
it bespoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like
the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small ;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exact-
ness grinds He all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a
torch's fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus truth silences
the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not
well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so
with theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland
their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best
and longest known.

FROM "THE BLIND GIRL OF
CASTÈL-CUILLÈ."

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

(The Bridal Procession.)

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's Eve :

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride should leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending ;
When lo ! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain :
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant ;

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !

Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

MUCH it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which united
Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth,
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal ;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
• Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
'The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in ;—
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust :
“ Dry dust ! thou dreary one !
How little didst thou labour for me :

In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam !
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth."

SONG.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door :
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor. ' .

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet :
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

SILENT LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak :
For in love's domain
Silence must reign ;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DANISH.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee ;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far ;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, " O, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair !

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light ;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from His hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me :
“O gentle God ! O, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee !”

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town ;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew !
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished ;—
God ! may I never, never lose that too !

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

How blest are ye whose toils are ended !
Who, through death, have unto God ascended !
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving ;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever ;
Ye have that for which we still endeavour ;
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us !
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

RENOUVEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky

With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry ;
In new-made suit they merry look ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY ! Italy ! thou who'rt doomed to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness,
Written upon thy forehead by despair ;
Ah ! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,
Who in the splendour of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare !

Then from the Alps I should not see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave for evermore.

BALLADS.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,—
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,—
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main :
“I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane,

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ?
The snow fell hissing in the brine.
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed
Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be ? ”
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ’
• And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
• O say what may it be ? ”
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be ? ”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,—
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
• Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart, of Eden Hall, Cumberland ; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;

He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
“ Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,—
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall ;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : “ This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! ”
The gray-beard with trembling hands obeys ;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
“ This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it : *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall ! ”

“ 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall ! ”

Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the Breaking Luck of Edenhall

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,

Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall !”



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